

Saving the Animals

By WILLIS STEELL.

TWO shockingly dirty little boys carried the dog, which had one leg roughly tied up in brown paper. They might have been abashed by the fine entrance to the place, but they were too intent on seeing the "vet" to notice anything. And the doctor, when he came out, had a kind face.

"Can't you fix him up, Doc," said one of the little fellows. "We ain't got no money, but that dog's a good sport; never let out a yelp when a hunk of ice fell out of the wagon and broke his leg."

"Is it your dog?" asked Dr. Miller. "No, it ain't. Me an' me brudder was playin' round the wagon when the dog got hurted. They wasn't nobody else to tend to him, so we picked him up an' brung him along on a chanct."

The veterinary took the animal in his lap, and while he felt for the break the dog looked up at him trustfully without a snap. The boys kept their eyes on him, too, as trustfully. They gave a sigh of relief when the veterinary announced that the break, though a bad one, could be mended and the dog come out as good as new.

He permitted the boys to stand in a corner of the operating room while the masterless dog was placed on the table, the broken bones joined and the leg bound up in splints. When the animal was put in a cage in the charity ward and the doctor's eyes were off them the boys, satisfied that all was being done that could be done for their chance protege, quietly faded away.

Saving a Horse.

One afternoon during the recent hot spell a horse that had a "touch of the sun" was being transferred from one stable to another and had got painfully as far as 350 Lafayette street, where he fell down. The animal couldn't have selected a more suitable place, for 350 Lafayette street is the home of the Ellin Prince Speyer Hospital of the New York Women's League for Animals, and he was at once admitted there, without any formalities, to be immediately treated by Dr. R. W. E. Daniels, probably the best known "vet" of the city whose specialty is horses. The death of this horse would have been almost certain but for the chance that dropped him at the door of this house of mercy. He is getting along finely now.

The same is true of the little gray pony that was unlucky enough to be in the way of a bullet in a shooting that occurred last month in East Fourth street. He was taken at once to this free hospital, where his wound was attended to, but Dr. Daniels was in doubt about the course of the bullet and kept him under observation for some time. Although the X-ray is now being used in the treatment of animals, a horse or even a pony is a bit too large a surface for it to cover. Nature, however, took a hand in the gray pony's case and showed after a time a swelling in the right shoulder. A probe was inserted there and the bullet was found and extracted.

"We all grew fond of the pony," said Mrs. Adams, who is an unusual functionary, living on the premises and serving without salary for love of horses, cats and dogs. "but that is true of all the creatures that come in here in such numbers; we want to cure them, certainly, but we hate to see them go away."

Mrs. Adams aided from the start the humanitarian work of Mrs. James Speyer, whose heart and purse were devoted to this hospital. It was founded by the latter in 1910 in a small way and in small quarters two or three blocks below where its commodious building now stands. After the death of Mrs. Speyer Mrs. Adams severed every other connection and went to live at the hospital, where every cat, dog and horse patient plainly shows, each in his own way, whenever she comes near them, how much she loves them. One patient, a chow, positively refused his medicine and made every effort to keep ill until he was permitted to share Mrs. Adams's room. Now he is in good condition, but he evidently has no intention of ever willingly going home.

Watered Horses Herself.

Mrs. Adams is such a character that it is unnecessary to excuse a few more words about her. In her first year, she is yet active and

sprightly, and during the war, when it was not possible to get men to cover all the watering stations for horses in the foot of the city, she went herself and alternated the work at two of them, watering the horses and assisting in washing them down in the hot July and August suns. Now, besides the general



A good sport under the knife.

supervision that she gives, she arranges rummage sales and all sorts of plans for raising money to carry on the work.

For it must be emphasized that this very modern hospital—the last word in comfort, cleanliness and sanitation, with every modern device to aid Dr. Bruce Blair in his cat and dog clinic, with the latest table invented at the Pennsylvania University for operations on horses, with its separate wards for contagious diseases—is absolutely free. There is no charge made for dispensary and hospital cases. The eight watering stations are conducted at the league's expense, and the other hospital activities are also free. One of the latter is a series of lectures delivered every winter in cooperation with the Board of Education on the humane treatment and care of animals. Also it sends broadcast thousands of pamphlets on the same subject. All this costs money.

An official spoke feelingly and freely on this matter. Said he:

"There are boxes here in which the people whose pets we cure can put anything in the way of a fee, or call it a gift, they think they can afford. The poor people are the most generous; hardly a hard working Italian will take his pet dog or cat away cured without placing at least a dollar in the contribution box. But well to do people don't appear to understand that the work of this hospital requires a lot of money to keep up. You would be surprised to learn how many of them will take away their expensive pets and leave a quarter in the box."

"I believe that the plan would work well if a regular charge were to be made to the persons who can afford to pay. If you know anything about human nature you will credit me when I say that it is the rich who make the most demands. A handsomely crowned woman will come into a crowded clinic and insist that Dr. Blair attend to her pet right away, overturning if she could the rule that prevails of first come first served. Please don't think I am complaining. These little difficulties arise from misapprehension. And these very persons who don't give freely would cheerfully pay a good sized fee if conditions were explained to them."

The Dr. Miller mentioned above is Dr. H. H. Miller, who for nineteen years has conducted a cat and dog hospital on West Fifty-third street. He remodeled it in 1918, and it is now the last word in institutions of the kind, having ample and luxurious provision for the sick and injured cat and dog, including a yard for exercise, a sun parlor and an X-ray room, besides cages of slate partitions and floors instead of the ordinary Carrara glass, the white-

In a big closet are kept their going away clothes, their muzzles, leashes, harness, a motley collection of big and little straps in red, green, yellow, all colors. When the door to this closet was opened there ensued a terrible commotion; the dogs thought they were to be taken out and yelped and barked and whined.

It was different down among the mange and other skin patients. There the prevailing atmosphere was one of languor and indifference, common to this type of illness.

A collie in front of whose cage we had been standing kept giving subdued but distressful whines and every little while he was shaken by a queer motion of his body.

"What's the matter with this dog?"

"Chorea," said the veterinary, explaining at once, "that's St. Vitus dance; it's incurable in dogs, as far as we know. Sore ears, abscesses, affections of the eyes, all sorts of intestinal troubles we are prepared for. Cases of appendicitis are common and these diseases run in cycles in dogdom just as they often do with men."

"What do you suppose is bringing our patients in now? Why, as it's summer and nearly every dog owner has an automobile, the dogs leap out of a rapidly going machine and break a hip bone. This happens surprisingly often."

"Cases of broken legs are brought here all the time; I've set often half a dozen in a day."

This remark brought us back to what started this casual account of the cat and dog hospital, the animal that the little Samaritans did not pass by on the other side. The masterless Alredale gave proof on the operating table that he was a good sport as the boys had described him. Without a whimper he let them stretch him on the table, bind up his jaws and hind legs and he lay motionless except for a quiver of pain when the veterinary joined the broken bones and put the leg in splints.

"Most dogs make a big outcry under this simple operation," said the doctor, "and especially the little fellows; they cry and sob almost like babies. I'll willingly keep this charity patient here in the hospital and give him every chance. It is possible some one will turn up to claim him; if not I can find a home for him."

Bide-a-Wee Home Active.

While Dr. Miller may rightly claim to be a pioneer in the up to date ways of running a dog hospital, where the latest surgical and medical methods are followed and modern hygiene prevails, he is not alone in the field. There are several other private and at least two public institutions which perform similar services where skill and

kind treatment are to be found. The public hospitals and those conducted by societies have room for a greater number of patients.

"There is a general recognition," said a patron of the Bide-a-Wee Home for Animals, "that the dog is a member of the social community. Therefore he needs and gets good treatment when he is ill, and in consequence the profession of dog doctor is now a recognized and respectable calling. The dog doctor needs to be a surgeon as well, and as I need scarcely remark, he must not only be interested in dogs and cats, but he must like them too."

"In the clean wards, well ventilated but not drafty, that are a feature of the modern cat and dog hospital, you won't find a patient that is afraid. If the dogs and cats weren't contented there you'd see how they would cringe and flinch, but you've only to look at them to realize they are not used to harsh words or rough handling."

"No sign of anxiety, no restlessness or fear will ever be noticed where the right individual is at the head of a ward, for the sick animals are quick to learn that they are going to be helped, not harmed."

One of the patients in an animal hospital at present is a cat suffering from indigestion caused by over-indulgence in her favorite vice of gum chewing. The doctor in charge of the ward where she is mending said it was the first case of the kind that ever came under his notice. It was possible, he thought, that thoughtless children first fed her gum and kept up the practice until she acquired the habit.

A test was tried. The cat lay in the back of her cage and glanced indifferently at the person in front of it until he put a piece of gum in his mouth and began to chew it vigorously. Her interest was at once awakened and she came to the front of the cage, arched her back coquettishly and plainly begged for a piece of chewing gum.

"Don't give it to her," warned the doctor, "as soon as she is well enough we are going to put some ipecac in gum and feed it to her in the hope that, being nauseated, she will never look on gum again."

If not so much has been said about cat patients of the hospitals it is because these animals in illness are not so interesting as dogs and not so human. A sick cat reverts, it would seem, to some of the instincts that date back to Egypt where their ancestors were sacred animals and she rather resents having notice taken of her indisposition. While she may not precisely sulk she prefers that you do not notice her and so that you will not have the opportunity she is likely to creep toward the back of the cage and keep her face turned to the wall.



A private patient.

Ill Like Human Beings.

"As a rule our patients stay at least a month, and when they need building up in the country another month is added to the term. Dogs, it may be necessary to state, have many of the diseases human flesh is heir to. Improper feeding is the cause of the majority of them, but that is true of man, too, isn't it?"

"So the dogs are brought here suffering from stomach troubles ranging from simple indigestion to veritable dyspepsia. A form of auto-intoxication is brought on by excessive feeding. These and our skin disease patients are most numerous in the hospital. We can accommodate 125 patients here, but among them at the present time are some boarders. A number of these come back summer after summer, and they recognize the hospital as a second home."

"That's the case of Piggy, here," said he, opening a cage and taking out a beautiful white bull terrier with appealing pink eyes. Piggy made frantic efforts to kiss the doctor, while a big English bulldog whined and howled in a neighboring cage from jealousy.

Boarders pay according to their size and the trouble they give; an aristocratic little Pekingese, for instance, gets more attention than Piggy, who needs scarcely any, and for this she has to pay in proportion. But all the boarders seem to be happy, and it could be noted by their behavior that they had complete confidence in their friend the doctor.